

CRAWFORD COUNTY DIRECTORY	
COUNTY OFFICERS.	
Sheriff.....	D. London.
Clerk & Register.....	W. R. Steckert.
Treasurer.....	G. M. F. Davis.
Pro. Attorney.....	J. O. Hadley.
Judge of Probate.....	A. Taylor.
C. C. Commissioner.....	
Surveyor.....	N. E. Britt.
Coroners.....	W. H. Sherman. S. Rovell.
SUPERVISORS.....	O. J. Bell.
Grove Township.....	Ira H. Richardson.
South Branch.....	W. Batterson.
Beaver Creek.....	J. J. Coventry.
Maple Forest.....	R. S. Babbit.
Grayling.....	J. A. Barker.
Frederickville.....	Chas. Jackson.
Ball.....	G. W. Love.
Center Plains.....	

Crawford Avalanche



O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. IV.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1882.

NO. 7

W. M. WOODWORTH,

Physician and Surgeon,

GRAYLING, MICH.

Graduate of the University of Mich. Office with A. H. Swarthout. Residence with A. J. Rose. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m.

W. A. MASTERS, NOTARY PUBLIC—Con-
tracting, Legal, etc., etc.

N. R. GILBERT, M. D.

Physician, Surgeon, ETC.

U. S. Examining Surgeon for Penitentiaries.

OTSEGO LAKE, MICH.

J. Maurice Finn,

NOTARY PUBLIC, AND DEPUTY

Clerk and Register,

OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

A. H. SWARTHOUT.

ATTORNEY and SOLICITOR.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Business in adjoining Counties solicited.

Real Estate, Insurance, & Collection Agt.

GRAYLING, MICH.

N. E. Britt,

COUNTY SURVEYOR

OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

Surveying in all of its branches, in-

cluding leveling, promptly attended to.

GRAYLING, MICH.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD

A SAGINAW DIVISION

Time Table—Jan 1, 1882.

NORTHWARD.

Saginaw & Mail, Bay City Express.

STATIONS. 9:10 a. m. 9:00 a. m.

Chicago, leave, 7:00 a. m. 4:15 p. m.

Jackson, 7:25 a. m. 4:30 p. m.

River June, 7:55 a. m. 5:10 p. m.

Mason, 8:07 a. m. 5:22 p. m.

Hot., 8:20 a. m. 5:35 p. m.

Lansing, 8:25 a. m. 5:40 p. m.

East., 8:40 a. m. 5:55 p. m.

L. Pittsburgh, 8:55 a. m. 6:10 p. m.

Alpena, 9:10 a. m. 6:25 p. m.

D. & M. Crossing, 9:23 a. m. 6:38 p. m.

Oswego, 9:28 a. m. 7:00 p. m.

Oakley's, 9:52 a. m. 7:18 p. m.

Chestnut, 10:00 a. m. 7:30 p. m.

St. Charles, 10:15 a. m. 7:45 p. m.

Palmer, 10:40 a. m. 8:00 p. m.

Saginaw City, 10:55 a. m. 8:25 p. m.

North Saginaw, 11:05 a. m. 8:33 p. m.

F. & P. M. Cross, 11:10 a. m. 8:40 p. m.

Wisconsin, 11:20 a. m. 8:50 p. m.

West Bay City, 11:45 a. m. 9:12 p. m.

Bay City, Arrive, 11:55 a. m. 9:20 p. m.

SOUTHWARD.

Jackson Express, Mail.

STATIONS. 7:00 a. m. 5:25 p. m.

Bay City, Leave, 7:08 a. m. 5:30 p. m.

West Bay City, 7:35 a. m. 6:05 p. m.

F. & P. M. Crossing, 7:45 a. m. 6:15 p. m.

North Saginaw, 7:48 a. m. 6:20 p. m.

Saginaw City, 7:58 a. m. 6:30 p. m.

Paines, 8:10 a. m. 6:45 p. m.

St. Charles, 8:30 a. m. 7:10 p. m.

Chestnut, 8:45 a. m. 7:20 p. m.

Oakley's, 8:55 a. m. 7:35 p. m.

Oswego, 9:20 a. m. 8:00 p. m.

D. & M. Crossing, 9:23 a. m. 8:25 p. m.

Bennington, 9:35 a. m. 8:33 p. m.

Lansing, 9:50 a. m. 8:50 p. m.

Hot., 10:05 a. m. 9:00 p. m.

North Lansing, 10:20 a. m. 9:20 p. m.

Lansing, 10:25 a. m. 9:25 p. m.

Hot., 10:30 a. m. 9:30 p. m.

Mason, 10:50 a. m. 9:50 p. m.

Rives Junction, 11:20 a. m. 10:20 p. m.

Jackson, 11:45 a. m. 10:45 p. m.

Chicago, Arrive, 7:40 p. m. 7:30 p. m.

All trains on Saginaw Division daily except Sundays.

Connecting trains leave Chicago at 9 a. m. daily except Sundays, and 9 p. m. daily except Saturdays.

Wagon sleeping cars on night trains.

MACKINAW DIVISION.

NORTHWARD.

Freight, Mail.

STATIONS. 9:00 a. m.

Bay City, Lv., 8:20 a. m.

Alpena, 8:37 a. m. 9:30 a. m.

Alpena, 9:23 a. m. 11:45 a. m.

Alpena, 9:55 a. m. 11:55 a. m.

East Branch, 10:35 a. m. 1:25 p. m.

St. Helen's, 11:18 a. m. 3:00 p. m.

Alpena, 12:20 p. m. 4:30 p. m.

RAYLING, 1:15 p. m. 8:00 p. m.

Otsego Lake, 2:00 p. m. 9:40 a. m.

Tayford, 2:20 p. m. 10:50 a. m.

Cheboygan, 4:35 p. m. 4:00 p. m.

Mackinaw City, Ar. 5:45 p. m. 7:30 p. m.

SOUTHWARD.

Stations, Mail, Freight.

Mackinaw City, Lv., 7:20 a. m. 5:30 p. m.

Cheboygan, 8:35 a. m. 6:35 p. m.

Gaylord, 10:50 a. m. 1:00 p. m.

Otsego Lake, 11:10 a. m. 2:00 p. m.

GRAYLING, 12:00 p. m. 6:00 a. m.

Rosemorn, 1:00 p. m. 7:45 a. m.

St. Helen's, 1:30 p. m. 9:00 p. m.

West Branch, 2:07 p. m. 10:25 p. m.

Wells, 2:43 p. m. 11:55 p. m.

Standish, 2:23 p. m. 1:18 p. m.

Winnington, 3:58 p. m. 2:50 p. m.

Kawkawlin, 4:40 p. m. 4:05 p. m.

West Bay City, 5:00 p. m. 4:30 p. m.

Bay City, Arrive, 5:35 p. m.

All trains daily except Sundays.

J. G. BROWN, Ass't General Supt., Jackson.

FRANK L. WHITNEY, Ass't Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

H. B. LEDYARD, Gen'l Mgr., Detroit.

O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l Pass. and

Ticket Agt., Chicago.

W. A. VAUGHN, Supt., Mackinaw Div., Bay City.

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The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

YOUNG LOVE.

BY ORENTE M. A. WINSLAW.

I read a dim, half-written page,
As on some part of life I stand,
Sweet records of a tender age,
First traces of memory's hand
Afar in long-ago fairy land!

And smile to see still pictured there

A day with summer birds singing o'er,

And scented with the salt sea air,

When Bob just live, and I but four,

Played "hide" behind the parlor door.

And suddenly his smile had fled,

His merry voice lost all its glee,

Will's searching in my eyes, he said—

But first my name fell lingeringly,

In earnest tones, "Do you love me?"

And even then, with woman's pride,

I passed my head equitably,

And with a careless air replied,

As though too small a thought to be,

"O! I don't know—do you love me?"

His little form grew proudly tall;

His boyish cheeks took redder hue,

A stilled laugh across the hall

Revealed 'twas heard by others, too,

As boldy rang forth "Yes, I do!"

I doubt not if a love more pure

For all the larger hearts of men,

Though held with promise to endure;

If, strangely, we should meet again,

Would older Bob declare as then?

Ah, here a little boy I know

Climbs up to give mamma a kiss,

And stilly says, in accents low,

He loves a bright-eyed little miss

Has, it comes so soon to this!

Well, well, time flies on wings unseen,

Years grow and gay all tangled go;

And many thoughts have come between,

And yet, "We rather sweet to know!

A little boy once loved me so!

UNDER A MASK.

There had been a long silence in Mrs. Holbrook's pretty sitting-room, yet the room was not empty.

On the contrary, there were two occupants such as are popularly supposed to be at no loss for conversation, a gentleman and a lady, both young.

The gentleman, Sydney Hall, stands leaning upon the mantelpiece, pulling fiercely at a huge mustache.

He is a tall, powerfully-built man, of an English type, with curling auburn hair, large blue eyes, a heavy beard, and strong, good features.

He looks down upon a little, fair-like girl of about 18, who has big brown eyes and the most brilliant hair. She is pretty, she is bright, she is exquisitely attired, and her name is Estelle Holbrook.

Suddenly, upon a silence that has become oppressive, Estelle breaks into a clear, ringing laugh. It has no mockery in it, but is as merry as a child's, as sweet as a chime of silver bells.

After a moment of amazement, Sydney joins her and laughs heartily.

"Was I rude?" Estelle asks, presently, not looking very penitent, however. "I could not help it. It is awfully funny, you know."

"What is awfully funny?"

"Now don't be stupid!" she said, her eyes beaming with girlish merriment.

"How would you like to come all the way from Paris, and from a pleasant home there, too, to meet such a reception?"

Sydney tugged again at that reddish-brown mustache, with a force that was positively vicious.

"I couldn't help it, Estelle," he said, "I do not think any man has a right to make such a will as our grandfather did. Here we are, after ten years of entire separation, supposed to be ready to swear eternal fidelity to each other, and be married at once. If not about £100,000 goes to public charity."

"Unless," said Estelle, gravely, "your father refuses his consent to the marriage. Then the property is divided between us. Your father may dislike me."

"He's not an idiot," said Sydney briefly.

"Syd, tell me exactly what you want?"

"I want you to have our grandfather's money, and to be free. I am a rich man, Estelle, independent of my father, and I love Norah Croighton with all my heart. But, if I marry her, you will lose the money that is yours by right of inheritance; unless, as you say, my father and your guardian refuses his consent to the marriage."

"What is your father's idea?"

"Prunes, prunes, properly! The girl of the period has aversion."

"Heigho!" said Miss Holbrook, rising and giving herself a little shake; "can you keep a secret, Syd?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, since you are so frank, I will tell you one. I left my heart in Paris. Mother insisted upon my paying this visit to Uncle Clement, but I had given up all thought of grandfather's money. We leave here to-morrow for Daisybanks, and your father will refuse his consent to the marriage. You will marry Norah, and I will seek my heart again in Paris."

Sydney held out a strong hand, in which Estelle put a tiny white one, over which his fingers clasped in a firm but gentle pressure.

"You do not quite hate me for a brute?" he said, pleadingly.

"You are my very dear cousin now and ever," she said, frankly and cordially, and did not shrink when he stooped and kissed her.

At Daisybanks, Mr. Clement Hall's country-seat, the proprietor had made all ready to give his sister a warm welcome. It had been a matter of great annoyance to him that their father had passed over one generation to leave his fortune to their children, with the conditions already given, but this money, was quite secure. If the children married it was theirs, and if they would not be had only to refuse his consent, and the wealth was divided between them.

"The will is fair," Sydne said; but he knew that a hint of his own love for a penniless girl might make trouble, any disqualification on his part or Estelle's, if unsupported by his father, forced his grandfather's estate.

One word will describe Clement Hall. He was an old top, a dandy at 76, whose valet had to make him up, from his patent-leather boots to his curling wig, every morning.

Every new craze found him an enthusiast, with all its jargon well studied. Art, music, flowers, surrounded him, and he professed positive horror of anything rude or coarse.

His only son, disgusted with estimable affections, favored the other extreme. He was fond of rowing, shooting, riding, and professed to despise much that he really respected, because it was flavored with his father's exaggerated praise.

Servants alone shared the luxurious house at Daisybanks with these two, and the household was at least original.

Early rising, fresh air, simple diet, plain surroundings for the son; a household atmosphere, a noon-breakfast, luxurious furniture for the father.

It was this odd home Mrs. Holbrook—who was a feminine copy of her brother—brought Estelle, to fascinate her uncle and prospective son-in-law.

With the polish of Paris life and a foreign education, Estelle was surely the ideal girl of the most fastidious fancy, and her mother, who indulged in gentle invalidism, felt no anxieties about her.

It was evening when the ladies arrived, and Sydney was fairly startled when Estelle appeared at his father's late breakfast. Mrs. Holbrook was resting after her journey, and did not leave her room for a week.

The pretty little figure that Sydney had admired in its Parisian toilet was attired in a showy dress of five distinct colors, made in an exaggeration of the prevailing style, and made still further hideous by a necklace of intense apple green and immense size. The fair hair was dressed high, and upon the top of a structure of curls and frizzed was a large scarlet bow. In a voice that might have cried fish, this young lady greeted her uncle.

"Good morning, Jolly day, isn't it? Mammy's all knocked up with her journey, and can't come down. Horrid thing to be delicate." Hallo, Sydney! What are you going to do to-day? You've got to devote yourself to your fiancee. You know, Shall I pour out the coffee? I might as well begin now?" And then came a laugh that made Mr. Hall fairly shudder.

"I regret that my sister is indisposed," he said in a low, languid voice.

"Eh?" said Estelle. "Oh, the mammy! Yes, she's got what we call the megrims in Paris. I say, Syd, will you go to Paris for a wedding trip, and I'll introduce you to a lot of jolly fellows. No end of beaux there! Coffee or chocolate, uncle?"

"Chocolate, but Lewis always attends to me," said Mr. Flah. "Shall you drive with your cousin, Sidney?"

"Oh, that's too tame!" cried Estelle. "Can't we ride? Give me a spirited horse, a racing clipper, you know, Hey! Go on!" she said, holding her dainty hands out as if grasping the reins for a restive steed. "I'm so little and light, they accept Estelle as a specimen of the English lady, no wonder we hear that Frenchmen think that we British are not a refined people."

Sydney and Estelle were when she tossed aside her mask and talked frankly with her cousin. Many a long morning the two spent in Mrs. Croighton's drawing-room—Estelle's riding-habit showing nothing of the showy vulgarity of the dresses designed for house wear, and Estelle herself the daintiest, sweetest little lady Norah had ever seen.

The cousins were riding up the avenue one morning when Estelle said, "Syd, can't you manage to press matters a little? Mamma talks of coming downstairs in a few days, and she will surely take me. I shiver every time Uncle Clement goes in to see her for four or five days."

"I see! I'll speak to-day." And an hour later Mr. Clement Hall was approached by his son, and asked to give his consent to a speedy marriage.

"Marry Estelle!" Mr. Hall cried. "You! It cannot be possible you love her?"

"Only as a cousin; but I thought this was demanded of me. I do not care to see my grandfather's fortune slip away."

"No, no! I'll see to that. I refuse my consent—absolutely refuse!"

And to the lawyers to-morrow. No! I'll write now. Marry Estelle! I would welcome a fish-fag with more cordiality."

The momentous letter was written and dispatched, and Sydney, heir to half his grandfather's estate, might brave his father, if necessary, and marry where he would.

Mrs. Holbrook was furious at the insult to her daughter, and left Daisybanks in a rage, yet secretly delighted to return to Paris, with the heiress of her father's estate, and did not leave her room for a week.

And the wicked conspirators exchanged wedding cards three months later, Mr. Hall giving gracious welcome to his son's choice, since there was nothing to be gained by opposition.

But when echoes of Paris gossip floated to Daisybanks, and Estelle is quoted as one of the English belles, Clement Hall raises his eyebrows and says: "If they accept Estelle as a specimen of the English lady, no wonder we hear that Frenchmen think that we British are not a refined people."

TARIFF REVISION.

The Commission Selected by the President.

The Tariff Commission nominated by the President comprises William A. Winship, of New York; Chairman John L. Hayes, of Massachusetts; Austin M. Garland, of Illinois; Jacob Amherst, of Ohio; John S. Phelps, of Missouri; Robert P. Porter, of the District of Columbia; John W. Underwood, of Georgia; Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana. Nearly all the members of the commission are known to be favorable to protection. A Washington correspondent writes:

"When the echoes of Paris gossip float to Daisybanks, and Estelle is quoted as one of the English belles, Clement Hall raises his eyebrows and says: "If they accept Estelle as a specimen of the English lady, no wonder we hear that Frenchmen think that we British are not a refined people."

Mr. John L. Hayes, of Massachusetts, represents the manufacturers of wool, and is a strong protectionist. He is a man of very extensive information on this wool and general tariff subjects, having been a member of the House of Representatives for many years, and has been a member of the commission.

Mr. Austin M. Garland, of Illinois, is a protectionist, and is a member of the House of Representatives for many years, and has been a member of the commission.

Mr. Jacob Amherst, of Ohio, is a native of Pennsylvania, and is a protectionist. He served in the Forty-first and Forty-second Congresses as a Republican.

John W. Underwood, of Georgia, is a Democrat, and is a protectionist. He served in the Forty-first and Forty-second Congresses as a Democrat.

Mr. Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana, is a Democrat, and is a protectionist. He served in the Forty-first and Forty-second Congresses as a Democrat.

Mr. John L. Hayes, of Massachusetts, is a protectionist, and is a member of the House of Representatives for many years, and has been a member of the commission.

Mr. Robert P. Porter, appointed as from the District of Columbia, is a protectionist. He served in the Forty-first and Forty-second Congresses as a Democrat.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

Following is a statement of the public debt at the close of business May 31:

Extended debts	\$14,100,000
Four and one-half per cent bonds	401,000,000
Certificates of deposit	788,671,650
Refunding certificates	476,450
May pension funds	14,000,000
Total interest-bearing debt	\$1,478,522,650
Interest due	15,440,105
Interest on bonds	800,000
Certificates of deposit	12,350,000
Gold and silver certificates	71,191,640
Practical currency	7,049,605
Total without interest	437,011,155
Unclaimed Pacific railway interest	6,724
Total debt	\$1,393,004,935
Total interest	12,728,291
Gold and silver certificates	71,191,640
Practical currency	7,049,605
Decrease since May 31	15,475,155
Interest paid on bonds	14,440,105
Interest on certificates	624,553
Gold and silver certificates	71,191,640
Practical currency	7,049,605
Total	\$1,201,033,768

Interest paid on bonds

Interest on certificates

Practical currency

Decrease since May 31

Interest paid on bonds

Interest on certificates

Practical currency

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Interest on certificates

THE AVALANCHE.

PALM, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling,
Mich., as second-class matter.

TUESDAY, June 15, 1882.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

—
I was—and still am, for that matter—
Edward Singleton, Esq., M.D.,
a medical surgeon in the village of
Winterton. I was also a bachelor, 30
years of age, and enjoyed a handsome
income both from my practice and my
estates.

My cousin, Kate Archer, was a beau-
tiful and blooming girl of 23, and lived
with her father, mother, and younger
sister Louisa, about two miles from the
village.

Kate had always been my favorite
cousin, and our intimacy dated from
my birth; but strange to say, I had
never yet been certain whether I real-
ly was in love with her or not. I prob-
ably would have been more certain if
ever could have guessed at the state
of her feelings towards myself. But
that I never could do. I knew that I
liked her very much indeed; but it had
never occurred to me that she was at
all necessary to my happiness.

Indeed, I had never seen the time
when I would have dared to propose
to her; she was so full of fun and mis-
chief, and was more than liable to treat
a matrimonial proposal as a huge joke
on myself. At least so I thought—
and so we talked, and laughed, tried
to you will, in perfect good faith, and
smiled.

It is true that I had never thought
possible for any one else to be my
wife; and at times I would sit in my
library alone and think of her, and al-
most resolve to go over and pop the
question instantaneously and have it done
with. But somebody would intervene
because me to postpone it to a more
convenient season.

I was thus sitting, and thus think-
ing, one evening after my return from
the wedding of an old friend. I never
knew why it was, but weddings always
make me think of my cousin Kate.

I had been gone from home about
a day, and was thinking very strongly
of her when a note from my aunt
was put into my hands inviting me to
spend an evening with them at my
aunt's convenience.

I instantly resolved that my very
earliest convenience was that evening,
and in ten minutes I was on my way
to Waterside.

I found the family all in the draw-
ing room, except Kate. The question
rose to my lips, "Where's Catharine?"
but for reasons which I cannot explain
at which the reader may understand,
did not utter it until I was satisfied
that she was not in the house.

Louisa, said at last, "where's
Catharine?"

"Oh! she went to Olands this
morning." Mrs. Lester asked her to
pend the day there.

"What, in the name of fortune,
make the girl look so confused?"
thought I. The question was nat-
ural enough, surely.

The charm of the evening having
been gone, however, I stepped into the
library, where I was soon joined by my
aunt.

"I see that you and Louisa have had
something to say about it already, Ed-
ward," she said. "We don't like to
have it talked of at present; but you
being a cousin, of course, it makes a
difference."

"I do not understand you, aunt. I
only asked for Catharine, and Louisa
told me she was gone to Olands."

"Well, of course, I speak in confi-
dence to you, Edward, and I think you
will be glad to hear that Frederick Lester
is engaged to the dear child and
the wedding day is fixed for the ninth
of next month."

I waited to hear no more, but made
my exit as quickly as possible and went
home; the most miserable wretch in
existence.

The next few weeks were the most
miserable portion of my existence. The
news of the wedding did not get out,
however, and I heard nothing of it
from anybody until one morning
when I was on my way to visit a patient
I suddenly came upon Frederick Lester
and Kate.

"My dear fellow," cried he, grasp-
ing my hand, "where have you been
for the last week or two? I wanted to
ask you."

I broke away before he could finish
the sentence, leaving them in speech-
less amazement.

I afterwards thought the matter over
and concluded that my actions were
very undignified; so I resolved to call
on her the next day, explain my con-
duct on the ground of great profes-
sional haste and just let her know that
I really cared very little for her en-
gagement.

I called accordingly and found Cath-
arine alone in the library, explained
the matter as best I could, and then
proceeded to talk of other matters.—
Then I rose to go, to say the truth,
I began to fear that I should yet make
a fool of myself and tell her how I
loved her.

"So you are actually going without
saying one word about the wedding?
I was waiting to see if you would have
the good grace to mention it. Really,
cousin, it is as little as you can do to
wait another minute or two. I will
call Louisa."

"No, thank you," said I. "I'm go-
ing; but tell me, Catharine, —by an

irresistible impulse I took her hand in
mine and held it fast—will this match
be a happy one?"

"I assure you the gentleman thinks so."

"But the lady—"

"I am perfectly satisfied with the pros-
pect."

"For well, then," I said; "I would
have hoped to call you by a
different name."

For a moment Catharine looked even
more agitated than I was; but she re-
covered herself immediately.

"Edward," she said in a voice so
changed I should scarcely have recog-
nized it as hers, "Edward, tell me, does
this marriage affect you in any way?"

"Affect me?" I cried. "you know
it has ruined every hope I had, and
made me the most wretched of men."

she looked perfectly astounded. "Oh,
Catharine, you must have known this;
you with a woman's heart, must have
interpreted mine. It is impossible
that you could have been blind that
this astonished you. But tell me, —

I continued, seeing her increasing agitation,
"it were better to break the
most solemn engagement than to re-
pent when it is too late—tell me Cath-
arine, do you value our peace, do—is

Frederick Lester loved as a wife
should love him?"

I could not bring my lips to say "Do
you love him?"

She released her hands from mine
and answered very quietly, but with
emphasis, "He is."

"Then there is no hope for me?"

"No, Edward."

So I went away with my thoughts in
such a confused state that I can only
remember the one distinct impression
that I carried away with me, and that
was that I left Catharine looking as
pale as a ghost.

That evening I received two notes
one from Lester asking me to be his
"best man" at the wedding, and another
from Catharine advising me to absent myself from home on the day
of the wedding, to avoid remark, and
pledging herself to keep the secret I
had imparted to her in reference to the
state of my feelings.

It is needless to say that I followed
her advice and went to London, spending
the days in a state of mind bordering
on insanity.

The morning after the wedding I was
sitting in my private parlor at the
hotel, when the waiter brought in the
morning paper.

With a morbid feeling that tempted
me to add the last feather to my bur-
den, I took up the paper and turned to
the marriage notices. Then I read the
following: "On the 9th inst., at St.
Mary's church, Winterton, by the Rev.
J. J. Wien, Frederick Lester, Esq., of
Oaklands to Louisa, youngest daughter
of John Archer, Esq., of Waterside.

What I did, I have no distinct rec-
ollection. But I am convinced, now that
I calmly reflect on some things that I
can indistinctly recall, that the whole
house considered me a lunatic, and I
am not at all sure they were wrong.

It is needless to say that I lost no
time in going back to Waterside and
having it out with Kate.

As I was about to leave for home
that evening, and was holding her hand
in my own, she mimicked my former
agitation to perfection as she said:

"Tell me, will this match be a hap-
py one?"

"I assure you the gentleman thinks
so," I replied.

"But the lady?"

"She will have to make the best of
it."

"Because, you know, it would be
better to break the most solemn enga-
gement—"

I would have no more, but just put
a stopper on her mouth by placing my
mustache over it, and holding on tight
till she was out of breath.

NOTICE

It is hereby given that the Oregon and Crawford
Canal Improvement Company, a corporation
has made application to the Board of Supervisors
of the County of Winterton for permission to
occupy a portion of land in the said
county and hereinafter mentioned, for
the purpose of improving the navigation of said
canal with a special view to the passage of logs,
and of said dam being as follows to wit: On
the East branch of Big Creek at the outlet
of Lakes 23 and 24 of section 14, in town
of Winterton, a dam 100 feet wide, 30
feet high and 30 feet wide from bank to bank,
with a dam 10 feet wide for the passage of logs
and timber to be constructed on a substantial
foundation, timber and other material
will be heard and determined by said Board
on Monday the 19th day of June, 1882, at 10 o'clock
a.m., at the place in said county
Dated May 24th, 1882.

ALFRED WHITE, President.

G. E. CUTCHERON, Secretary.

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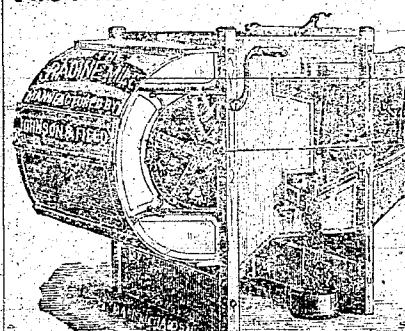
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